The Life of Stanley Marean, Reclamationist

Interviewee: Stanley R. Marean
Interviewed: 1966
Published: 1966
Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass
UNOHP Catalog #011

Description

Stanley R. Marean was born in Washington, D.C., in 1885. He attended the schools of the area, becoming particularly interested in scientific subjects. When he began to consider a career, Marean was offered an opportunity to work at the Newlands Reclamation Project in western Nevada. Arriving in Nevada in 1906, he immediately began his first work in western reclamation, first as a laborer and later as the water master on the Newlands Project. In pursuing his career in the management of land and water, Marean also worked on the construction of the Rye Patch Dam near Lovelock, Nevada, and on the Minidoka Reclamation Project on the Snake River in Idaho. Retired in 1949 from the Minidoka Project, Marean and his wife returned to Reno where they enjoyed many interesting years. Stanley Marean died in Reno in the summer of 1966.

The reminiscence recorded by Stanley Marean includes a resume of his early life; accounts of his work on the Newlands Project, the Rye Patch Dams and the Minidoka Project; observations on the towns where he lived; and a discussion of the problems of retirement.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

Publication Staff:
Director: Mary Ellen Glass

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Preface to the Digital Edition

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the "uhs," "ahs," and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete…or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at http://oralhistory.unr.edu/.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

Introduction

Stanley R. Marean was born in Washington, D.C., in 1885. He attended the schools of the area, becoming particularly interested in scientific subjects. When he began to consider a career, young Marean was offered an opportunity to work at the Newlands Reclamation Project in western Nevada, and he eagerly accepted. Arriving in Nevada in 1906, he immediately began his first work in western reclamation, first as a laborer and later as the Water Master on the Newlands Project. In pursuing his career in the management of land and water, Marean also worked on the construction of the Rye Patch Dam near Lovelock, Nevada, and on the Minidoka Reclamation Project on the Snake River in Idaho. Retired in 1949 from the Minidoka Project, Marean and his wife returned to Reno where they enjoyed several interesting years. Stanley Marean died in Reno in the summer of 1966.

The reminiscence recorded by Stanley Marean includes a resume of his early life; accounts of his work on the Newlands Project, the Rye Patch Dam and the Minidoka Project; observations on the towns where he lived; and a discussion of the problems of retirement. When invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, Mr. Marean accepted at once, and prepared extensive notes from which he spoke. He was a gracious and cooperative interviewee during the three interviews, all of which were held at his Reno home in January, 1966.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by recording the reminiscences of persons who have played important roles in the development of some aspect of western American life. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from Stanley Marean's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada,
1966

1

My Early Years

I am not a native-born Nevadan. I was born and raised in Washington D. C., where my father was employed as a telegrapher by the United States Weather Bureau.

The schools which I was fortunate to attend were just the public schools of the city. My education began with the attendance at the grammar school—so-called—of eight grades, which I followed one year at a time. I was not a very active or successful student, but managed to get through the eighth grade with the help of my sister-in-law, who was in the teaching profession and knew the various schools in town. She had me transferred to the community where she lived and I made my residence with her and my brother and attended a school where discipline was more successful than lots of the schools. One of the edicts pronounced at the beginning of the eighth grade was that no student would be graduated and sent on to high school who could not repeat the entire Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. That took some grinding.

I made it, and went on to high school where the optional subjects I selected were German and physics. After attending first the Central High School and later on, the McKinley Manual Training High School, I finished that part of my education in four years.

It was then, also, in that period, that the x-ray had been discovered. I remember vividly an experience in my physics class where the instructor, in order to demonstrate the x-ray to visitors who had learned that it was to be seen in our laboratory, exposed his left hand to the ray so many times and so long that that hand was ruined for all time thereafter—burned terribly by the x-ray effect, which was not known to exist at that time. It took just such experiences to warn all people at this time that the x-ray must be very carefully and scientifically handled.

In school, I was very much interested in some of the scientific developments. One of the things I did while I was still in grammar school was to make—using ordinary, small balloons inflated with illuminating gas—what I called a flying machine, using an alarm

clock works to propel the contrivance, and half a dozen small balloons, that I mentioned before, to suspend it. It flew away, out of my control, the first time I tried it. I don't know who's using it now, but probably, nobody.

I had a place in the basement where I was able to use the gas which we used for illumination to burn a Bunsen burner. There, I played with glass tubing, making all kinds of shapes and uses. That was my principal amusement because I was handicapped in ordinary sports and was thereby able to use all of my spare time when I was not required to practice on the piano.

One of my handicaps was a slight paralysis, resulting from an illness which struck me when I was nine months old, and which occurred coincident with cutting my first teeth. The physician named my ailment teething paralysis. In reality, it was probably one of the early instances of polio. For several years, I had to wear special shoes with metal braces strapped to my legs to above the knees. It exempted me from military service during World War I and from most sports except tennis and swimming. I studied piano-playing, which my father sought to have me become proficient in, but my left hand and arm were also affected and unable to perform as required to execute many selections.

I got to the point where I would perform some of the masterpieces to his great satisfaction and enjoyment, but that didn't last indefinitely. My teacher was a German woman, very capable, pretty exacting. There's no doubt but what the exercise gained from practicing at least an hour a day did help develop the injured muscles.

When my schooling was finished, I went to work in the shop of an optician, assembling eye glasses. At the same time, I went to night school and took course in typing and stenography.

The job of shopworker in this optician's office called for assembling eye glasses according to his prescription. We did no surface grinding of the lenses, as there was a firm there in Washington that manufactured the lenses in every conceivable grind and it was only necessary for them to be molded. This called for putting rims around the glass and using the bows and springs and other devices to keep them in place. That called for boring holes in any glasses that were skeleton, the kind that had neither bows nor rims, just a bridge between the lenses and sometimes a spring instead of a solid bridge used in spectacles. That was interesting, but there was not much variety to it.

That job was soon washed up for me and I went to work for a large department store in the town as a credit clerk, involving the memory of the names of all customers who had credit accounts. Woe to me if I o.k.'d the sale of some expensive, uncollectable account! And there were a few of them. That was kind of nightmare because my memory was not too good. That was the job that I left, and was happy to leave, when I came west.

Some of the experiences when living in Washington were unique for those times. It was a time for many almost unbelievable advances. It was the time, for instance, when radio was first developed, to become a manner for entertainment and information. The use of electricity was in its early development. For instance, at a display on the Mall the city of Washington, the electric development was displayed in depicting the change from the early arc light illumination to incandescent. A large structure was built with hundreds of incandescent lights that were turned on at night for the benefit of those wishing to see what the change had done.

Most of the residents of Washington in those days, at the beginning of this century,

were identified with government services. Where there was practically no private industry, there was little opportunity for young people looking for a job. So when my brother, employed as a soil expert on the newly established Federal Truckee-Carson Irrigation Project, now known as Newlands Project, offered to finance me for a trip to Nevada, where manpower was in demand, I eagerly accepted.

2

Life at the Newlands Reclamation Project

The railroad between Fallon and Hazen was not built at the time I arrived in the valley. The only means for incoming settlers or engineers or anybody else to get to Fallon was to be met by someone who was anticipating their arrival or to get on the stage, which was not like the earlier stages that traveled long distances. It was a surrey with the characteristic top and seated five or six people. I think there were three seats. The driver occupied the front seat, or part of it.

We struck out as soon as all the passengers were aboard for Fallon, and went across about six miles of alternate sagebrush hummocks, sand hills, and adobe flats. They were dry in those days because the only time they could receive water was when there was a rain or melted snow. So it was a pretty dusty trip. Our horses didn't race across the area as some of the stock-hauling, old-time stagecoaches did. They just went on a steady trot and it took us about two hours to get to Fallon.

We arrived at the Carson River at a place called Leeteville, or Ragtown. This was the western terminus of the Forty Mile Desert trail coming across from the Humboldt River and heading for the Carson River, which it followed until it got up across the summit, heading for Placerville. When we got to Leeteville, instead of doing as the earlier settlers had done—most of them disrobed, washed their clothes, hung them up to dry, took the rest of the day off at this point on the trail called Ragtown—we kept on down the Carson River until we arrived at Fallon on April 6, 1906.

It was a year before the present railroad spur came from the main line; the Southern Pacific Railroad had been built from Hazen, 16 miles distant. Fallon, the county seat of Churchill County, was only about 3 years old, having recently been moved from Stillwater, 15 miles to the east. Fallon was suffering the pangs of population explosion, due in no small measure to the demand of the neighboring mining activities, plus the irrigation project building and settlement.

Many of the newcomers were of the rougher transient, bindle-stiff hobo type, attracted by the gambling activities and labor opportunities found there.

The law enforcement was a nightmare for the sheriff's office in the unincorporated settlements in the mining and agricultural areas, such as Fallon. This was somewhat improved by a lynching party at Hazen. A prisoner, who had been arrested after killing a barkeeper by a blow on the head with a bottle, was taken by vigilantes and the body was left hanging from the telegraph pole for some time, to be viewed by other possible lawbreakers.

I was a small-scale victim of this lawless element the morning after my arrival, when a wallet containing all my possessions was stolen from under my pillow by one of my roommates in the rooming house, when I neglected to pocket it when I went out for breakfast.

I got a job in the Fallon office on the Project the first day after my arrival there, doing miscellaneous work, including carpentry. I built fly-proof meat storage boxes to be used out in camps where construction crews were employed and fed, while engaged in building structures and excavating canals and laterals for the Project.

Shortly thereafter, I was assigned to office work in Hazen, where I was stationed when the disastrous earthquake and fire almost wiped out the city of San Francisco. Another change in assignment had me working in one of the survey parties at a camp on an area near Hazen, later known as the Swingle Bench, where our cantaloupe industry started.

A little later, I was transferred back to Fallon to take on work in the newly organized Operation and Maintenance Department of the Project to start the first deliveries of water from the completed portions of the project system. In this position, I was able to exercise my limited ability with my stenography and typing, to do a little drafting learned in high school, and to spend the mornings riding ditch to make and record water deliveries and regulations. The latter assignment ultimately developed into the position of the Water Master and Superintendent of Irrigation.

There must have been upwards of a hundred established farmers in the valley when the Project was started. All of them raised crops with the use of irrigation, which they were able to accomplish by reason of ditches and diversion dams and structures that they themselves had built, either as individuals or in partnerships or in groups. All of these water rights had to be recognized by the United States in its construction of the project, either to leave sufficient water in the streams to take care of their established rights or to take over their rights and give them, in exchange, rights from the Project.

Well, some of these old-timers had large holdings and had been in the farming, cattle-raising, livestock business for many years, supplying the needs of the towns that had grown up—mining towns, mostly. Reno had not arrived at anything like the size it was in more recent years. Carson City had been established and Virginia City was a thriving mining town with a big population and they had a large demand for food products—beef, mutton—sheep, hogs, and so forth, which were all produced locally.

At Stillwater, which was among the first areas to start in the farming business, there was one very large ranch that extended north from the town of Stillwater way out into what is known as the Carson Sink, where water was available for livestock and water fowl. The owner of that ranch was Ernie Freeman. He was mostly interested in beef. I. H. Kent was a resident almost in the town of Stillwater, but owning extensive holdings, also, in the production of beef. Fred Dalton was producing feed, hay, and grain. Charlie Cirac was another early settler. As I recall, he was the

proprietor of a grocery store—general store, really, because he handled everything that a person might need, even wearing apparel. There were Indians in the area who also were patrons of these stores. There were stores, also, where Fallon was later established and at two or three other points. The outstanding one was probably St. Claire.

A family of men and their families by the name of Allen settled at St. Claire, which is southwest from Fallon. The first Allen had a post office and a store. There was Jud, Charlie, Cranston, and Lem, whom I recall.

Then, following on down that channel of the river near St. Claire, you come to the Douglas ranch, a large holding on the shores of Carson Lake, into which that channel of the river emptied. Skirting this lake, beside the Douglas ranch, which was a large cattle activity, there was the Cushman, Wightman, Grimes and smaller holdings. The mill that did all the grinding for the community was in that neighborhood, powered by water fall taken from this channel of the river. That was owned and operated by Frank Inman.

In the neighborhood of Fallon, there was quite a group of farms, the most outstanding of which was the W. W. Williams property. He was the founder of the newly established town of Fallon. He was a sheep man and a character. He had a brother, George Williams, and had been married the second time to a white wife. His first wife was a squaw, and they became the parents of two half-Indian children. His second marriage brought him three white girls, beautiful, talented young women.

Williams, who established Fallon, as I mentioned, was a sheep man and had a good many thousand head of sheep, which foraged the desert all the way up past Lovelock, Winnemucca, and clear up to the eastern part of the state along the Humboldt River and its watershed.

As I mentioned before, Williams was quite a character. He was a native of the state of Maine and he was the one that named Maine Street in Fallon after his home state. He was rather excitable and the more excited he became, the louder he talked or hollered. I lived only a short distance from his headquarters here in Fallon and when he gave orders to his workmen, mostly Indians, most of the town knew what was being done.

I remember particularly one time when he was having some repairs made at one of the corrals he had there at the ranch headquarters. We heard him giving directions to an Indian to get some lumber and he was in a hurry to get it, too, apparently. As far as I can remember, he told these Indians to go to a certain place and get six four-by-Christs, three two-by-Gods, and he said it so fast that it really sounded funny.

Then there was Tom Dolph, John Oates, Bill Harmon, Will Williams (no relation to W. W.), Charles Danielson, Will Danielson, John Bailey, Joe Bailey, and Charlie Dailey, whom I recall.

Almost at the opposite side of the valley towards the southeast there was the large Grimes ranch—W. C. Grimes—cattle. At the Grimes ranch there was a crossing of the Stillwater Slough. The Stillwater Slough was the outflow channel from Carson Lake down through Stillwater and to the Carson Sink. Well, immigrants traveling to California and points in this area had to cross this slough, and it was impossible to ford a stream of that nature at that time because of the amount of water and the muddy bottom that would mire any vehicle. So Grimes operated a toll bridge, which stopped all immigrants until they paid their toll, either in labor or in money.

Another such bridge was built across the Old River in the vicinity of the Theelen ranch, where there was also the need to cross

the stream without fording. A toll bridge was installed by some predecessor of Theelen in the early days and was a source of income to the operators. That was on the turnoff from the main trail at Leeteville—Ragtown. It followed the Carson River down to this point and then turned to the southeast and ran down, following the South Fork channel through St. Claire and on toward the east over the toll bridge at the Grimes ranch.

One unusual industry that was established along this road soon after it crossed the Old River channel at the Theelen ranch, was operated by a man by the name of Toomey. He's the only farmer I know of in that area who, at that time, raised mules. He had several jacks and sold a good many mules that his operation produced.

Until Lahontan was completed and operated, floods occurred periodically as a winter or spring run-off. A "chinook" could visit the area almost any month after snow started to fall in the mountains and bring down a gush of water.

The first flood that I experienced after arriving occurred in the spring of 1907. It swept through the valley, staying in the river most of the way, but doing some little damage by overflowing adjacent land. As a matter of fact, the old-timers in here knew about the floods and tried to stay out of their reach with their developments, so there was very little damage done by this flood of 1907, although the river did go out of its banks and possessed some of the channels which had been cut off by the Project development.

That was one thing that the Bureau had to do in the construction of the Project. As the river existed when the Project started, there were three channels in the lower reaches of the Carson River, the river adapting itself to one or all of them, according to the quantity of water that was flowing. There was a channel about six miles west of Fallon that branched off from the river that was called South Fork, which ran from the main stream to Carson Lake and originally—when white man first started settling this valley—all of the Carson River water ran down that channel into the Carson Lake. Carson Lake would fill to a point where it overflowed through a slough called Stillwater Slough to the Carson Sink. That was the original river program.

Then, somebody cut an outlet from that channel about seven miles west of Fallon to carry water out onto the desert and grow feed for the stock use. A flood made a channel out of that ditch, which was erroneously called "Old River." The Old River was the South Fork, mentioned before. The new channel called Old River became the main stream after one of these floods, taking water directly in a northeasterly direction out to Carson Sink. Later on, a similar action created another channel called "New River," which forked from the Old River to the southeast and took water out in a lesser channel that wound up ultimately in Carson Lake. This discharged, according to the elevation of the water in the Carson Lake, through this Stillwater Slough to the Carson Sink.

Those channels were to be put to different use when the Project was built. The South Fork was diked off where it separated from the main channel and the New River was done the same, in order to dry up the areas that was necessary to use for canal construction. These channels, at various times, were flooded by breaking of the levees at the river, and Fallon had water in it in one of the floods that occurred before the Lahontan Reservoir was completed.

So the impression must not be gained that the area around Fallon was all desert at the time that the Project was being built.

The established farmers raised grain and alfalfa, principally. That was what the demand was for because that area up to that time was, more or less, cattle country. Some vegetables were raised, but a water supply was not assured throughout the summer, depending upon the condition of the snow fall, the snow storage up in the hills. There were a few farmer-made reservoirs, but they were just, generally, enlarged lakes made by building a dam at the outlet.

With the coming of the government and the building of the Project, it was intended to make an adequate water supply for all the land which would be included in the project, which at one time was hopefully estimated to be 300,000 acres. They fell far short of that, because they had data on run-off which was not borne out when the Project was built. So we probably had about 100 homesteads and they were, for the most part, about a maximum of 80 acres—sometimes 120 and sometimes 160. The maximum allowed was 160.

Meantime, the Project was becoming settled with homesteaders and a new crop of farmers, many of whom were totally inexperienced in irrigation and desert life, but they were a spirited lot of industrious folks, as were, also, the incoming purchasers of private land. Available acreage included almost an equal area of railroad land, comprising every other 640-acre section outside the Indian reservation.

In its zeal to get the irrigation project going, the Bureau of Reclamation made one major error on this project by constructing its distribution system and settling the lands before its water supply system was fully functioning. A few lean water years found the natural supply of the two rivers, the Truckee and the Carson, almost dried up early in the summers and before the second crop of alfalfa could be watered, notwithstanding the fact that both the streams had produced satisfactory run-off during the winter and spring discharges.

The fault was, of course, the lack of storage and improper control of excessive upstream diversions. Two measures were necessary to control these faults: to provide storage by construction of Lahontan Reservoir on the Carson River, 20 miles upstream from Fallon, which was not completed and put into service until 1913; and the institution of a water adjudication suit in the Federal court by the United States, to allot and distribute the flow of these waters according to correct priorities of their appropriation. It took 25 years to obtain a final decree affecting Lake Tahoe and the Truckee River. The issue of a final decree affecting the Carson River is still pending, and will never be issued if California can prevent it.

The farms commenced to be productive as the system got into operation and water was delivered to them, but the water supply did not prove to be adequate because there was no storage. As I said, that was one of the mistakes that was responsible for the delay in getting these lands under cultivation. Water supply would generally last through June, but there was so much land in cultivation up above Carson City in the Carson Valley that it was allowed to be flooded each year. Just dams or dikes were thrown across the stream and caused the stream to overflow and flood this land. That dissipated much of the water that was expected to come downstream. In the Fallon valley, the farmers could only figure, except in exceptionally good years, on at the most two crops of alfalfa, instead of the three that it finally made practice of harvesting.

All of the farmers who were established earlier had appropriated the water that they were diverting in accordance with the legal

practice of filing appropriation of this water, which established the date of their priority.

Well, the government wanted to absorb all of these private, irrigated lands and add that water supply to their Project water supply. They did this by offering the farmers acre for acre of Project water right for an acre of their own water right, regardless of its priority.

That was one of the jobs that I had to look after at first. Farmers would come in in response to a letter, suggesting that they come in to discuss an exchange of water rights, and there were some discussions in connection with that. Finally, practically all of the water rights belonging to the early farmers had been obtained by the government and the individual farmers had been given a deed, exchanging their water right for the Project water right.

There were two conditions that the farmer could choose from. In those days, labor was very cheap and the cost of maintenance was almost negligible. It figured out about 40¢ a year an acre that the farmers would have to pay. The fact is, however, that the farmer was given a choice of taking a permanent right at 40¢ an acre a year to pay all of their costs for maintenance and operation, or to take the actual cost. The actual cost, I don't believe, from that time on, ever got down to 40¢. It was higher. Those water rights are still handled on that same basis. They're "O and M" charges. Some farms have that cheap annual operation and maintenance; others have the assessed, actual, cost.

The homesteaders, however, had to make a water right application in connection with their filing; that is, the new water rights. They had no choice of annual charges. They paid the actual cost and still do. That is in addition to their construction charge, which at the first was estimated at $22 an acre, to be paid over a period of twenty years. That was a charge made annually. Their filing fee was for a forty-acre tract, and was very nominal. An 80-acre tract fee was larger and so were those for 120 and 160-acres.

In my work in the delivery of water, I either rode horseback or had a cart, a two-wheeled cart with the same horse, Old Buckskin, that I covered the ditches with. That made it possible for me to carry what we called a gate-hook and a shovel. The gate-hook was a piece of small pipe with a loop handle on one end, and a hook on the other, with which I could grapple a flashboard out of a structure and pull it out.

I had an interesting experience one day when I was over north of the river, north of Fallon, when a thunderstorm developed. I was riding along the ditch bank and the horse shook his head. I looked down at him and there was a flame of electric sparks going off each ear. This cloud was right overhead and pretty close. I happened to notice the flash-board hook which I had across the pummel of my saddle and the same thing was going off that hook, a flame six inches long of electric sparks. It didn't take me long to get rid of that flashboard hook!

The delivery of water occupied about half of my day, generally in the morning. I would like to have the changes made or deliveries made or water turned off for them in the morning. So that was my routine: take care of that end of the work in the morning and in the afternoon I would spend time in the office posting the records of deliveries and doing other clerical work.

There was no one else in the office except the superintendent most of the day, but I was able to hold down the clerical work in halt a day and there was no need to employ anyone else there at first.

The farmers were people that wanted to make a change in life. They wanted to take

in the possibility of moving to the west and having a vocation or interest there. They were, generally speaking, a high class of people and very industrious. They were nice people to associate with, but there wasn't very much opportunity to become well acquainted, although, I guess I knew every farmer on the Project by his first name and vice-versa; so it was nice setup.

The social life was not particularly outstanding, simply because the farmers and their wives were too darn busy. Boy, they had plenty to do! They'd take up a homestead. The first thing to do was break the brush. Some of that brush in some places was as high as a room; other places, it was very meager.

The usual way of breaking that brush was with a team on each end of two or three railroad rails bolted together a foot or eighteen inches apart. It generally took two men to operate this device—one to drive each team. It would start across the acreage with the bar at right angles to the direction they were traveling, and it would break off the brush to the ground. This brush did not have very serious root system. Then after the brush was broken, a hay rake or hand hay fork would gather this brush in piles, where it was burned.

Then, there was a device, a land-leveling thing. It was generally made of 2 x 12's in a rectangular shape with a movable scraper inside of it. That scraper could be raised or lowered with a lever by the operator to either gouge deeper in the ground or raise it to empty the dirt it was hauling in front of it. That was the common way of leveling the land. Later on, they built rather complicated affairs that were borne by wheels, operating very much the same way.

It was necessary, in the lower valley, down in the area surrounding Fallon, to level the land before irrigating it. Their method of irrigating for that area was by flooding, so levees had to be built. Sometimes these levees would be 100 feet apart, sometimes only 60, in parallel with cross levees where necessary to keep the water from going too fast from the ditch down to the end of the field. The seeding was generally done by drill, using grain as a "nurse" crop, although, if they were just growing alfalfa, there was a little hand-seeding device that scattered the seed very uniformly. The alfalfa would show very good results in its germination.

The land was not particularly fertile, but alfalfa has the faculty for improving any land that it's grown on and the crops would sometimes be so heavy as to be remarkable in their yield.

The valley was tormented sometimes with wind, resulting in sand storms. It was nothing unusual for a field of newly seeded land to be just so badly blown and torn by the wind as to require re-seeding and even re-leveling in some instances. This made it pretty hard and expensive. So the thing that had to be kept in mind was: don't clear any land that you don't intend to cultivate. That had a great deal to do with keeping the damage by wind as low as possible.

Of course, the objective was to raise crops, and the early crops were either grain or alfalfa hay. It was developed later on that a very fine quality of potatoes could be grown in that sandy soil after it had produced alfalfa for a few years. Alfalfa was produced in such quantities that there was no chance of using it except to feed stock cattle that had been brought in off the range in the fall or bale it and ship it out. A great many train-loads of alfalfa hay, baled, were shipped to California, which offered a splendid market for it.

Coincident with the foregoing development, Fallon and the Project were experiencing economic advances. Alfalfa was,

of course, the main crop, and was produced in such abundance and high quality as to require more demand than offered by its use in feeding in the beef-producing feed yards. But new industry required capital and it fell for a newcomer from Iowa in the middle west, Charlie Heisey, to see that dairy cattle could absorb a large part of the excess alfalfa crop without resorting to expensive baling and shipping.

But good dairy stock did not exist in quantity locally, and the importation of good dairy cattle would be too costly for the local producers without financial aid. Heisey was able to interest George Wingfield, a local banker and successful mining operator. Wingfield agreed to finance the dairy venture and paid the cost of Heisey's trips to California, and as far east as Pennsylvania and New York. There Heisey bought high-grade dairy cattle by the carload and shipped them to the Project to be sold on time-payment contracts to responsible farmers there. A creamery, already built and operated at Fallon, absorbed all the dairy products—principally butterfat—the community could produce. Increasing hog and cattle population absorbed all available dairy by-products.

I mentioned Wingfield as being the promoter or financier that made the adoption of a dairy industry possible. He had a string of banks by that time around this western part of Nevada and it was through these banks that the purchase, transportation, and sale of the dairy cattle was effected. He is probably responsible for the present industry to a greater degree than anyone else. Very few of the newly arriving homesteaders and farmers had the finances necessary to carry on such an enterprise.

It was one of the activities that I engaged in when I brought a forty-acre tract of land five miles west of Fallon. And it was these dairy cows that financed my children's college education. I did not discontinue my work with the Project to undertake this work, but left it up to the boys to do the milking and marketing, where it was necessary.

Almost every fanner bought dairy stock up to as many as he and his family could milk—anywhere up to twenty head of good stock through this activity, which went as far away from the Project as the eastern coast to buy good dairy cows and ship them out here in carload lots. And there was a ready sale for them. It also fostered the drawing of dairy cows for shipment to neighboring areas and it also produced as a by-product the skim milk, which was left from the process of separating the butterfat. This was fed to hogs and calves and fostered those activities. The farmers in the valley are as well off as you're apt to find them in any of the surrounding irrigated areas.

A farmer running a vegetable garden on the outskirts of the town of Fallon started raising a cantaloupe that was called the Heart of Gold, which described the appearance of this luscious fruit. After it became known that the quality was indescribably high, the railroad dining car service entered into contracts with various farmers to raise these melons for their use, and another industry was started. Some shipments of entire carloads of refrigerated cantaloupe were shipped to the eastern seaboard and found ready sale and high demand.

Sugar beets were tried for a while and did very well. High saccharine contents and freedom from pests made them a safe venture for everyone that wanted to raise beets. The only drawback was that they are a crop that requires a lot of hand labor, and that was lacking on the Project. A farmer could only raise an acreage that he and his family could take care of, generally, so that industry didn't

last, although a very fine sugar factory was built on the outskirts of Fallen. As long as that operated, it was a factor in the production of beef cattle, feeding the pulp along with the hay that was sold locally.

One of the problems that faced the Project in the years just preceding the dam's completion, shortage of water, was overcome and then the Bureau of Reclamation commended to think about winding up the construction program there, and aided the farmers of the district to form an organization that was known as the Truckee-Carson Irrigation District. The District was offered the responsibility for operating and maintaining the Project, making the collections of construction charges to be turned over to the government under the provisions of the Reclamation Act, keeping the operation and maintenance funds for its use. I've got a feeling that the Bureau felt that it may have been too hasty in turning over the operation and maintenance of the Project to the farmer group. They had negotiated themselves out of a job for the personnel of the government project.

Mining activities were at their maximum in the area tributary to the Project at its inception. Tonopah received the benefit of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad with the relocation of the Southern Pacific main line through Hazen. Goldfield and Wonder (near to Fallon) were booming, and Rawhide was adding to the excitement. These were soon to diminish and subside to the category of "ghost camps," but while still active, were responsible for train after train of longline, jerk-line horse and mule-drawn wagonloads of freight and water—many of them drawn by twenty and more head of stock. It was a sight to see the dexterity with which the "skinners" could maneuver all those animals, and the tandem-coupled wagons with their six and seven-foot diameter wheels, around abrupt corners in the road with only a jerkline or long cotton rope to the head horse to guide the whole string. The road-way was sometimes a foot deep with dust, and clouds of dust made it impossible to see beyond them.

After being in Fallon a year and a half, I persuaded the girl I left behind me to come west and join me in happy matrimony. That was more than 59 years ago. I had built a little four-room cottage in Fallon in which my bride seemed as contented and happy as I had been despondent before she said "yes."

In preparation for the arrival of my bride to-be, to furnish the house, I bought the belongings of a would-be settler that came from the mid-west, who, among his other household effects, had a Steinway piano. I believe I bought all of their movable furniture—everything that he could not, with his family, ship back home as baggage—for something like $350, including the piano, which in itself was worth that much. I didn't have to argue him down on the price, either.

When I went out to live in our new cottage after our marriage, the piano was a good deal of satisfaction and pleasure to us for a while, but I didn't have time to keep up with it, so it was disposed of.

I had driven to Hazen the day before our marriage to meet her. The railroad from Hazen had been completed but was not in reliable operation yet. I was apprehensive every inch of the way that she would be as unhappy in her new desert surroundings as I had been, but she loved the country and its climate from the very first and still does.

We were married the following evening in the home of the Project superintendent, Thomas H. Means, and attended by the whole office force. My brother bought off the crowd who came to "shivaree" us that night, but the same crowd showed up the following night.

However, they were orderly and we all had a good time. My wife was a good cook and a charming hostess and the young men in this project organization—mostly bachelors—gladly accepted our invitations to visit or dine with us.

In due time, a little girl was born to us to be followed, three years later, by a boy and again followed in 1917 by the third child, also a boy. Between the arrivals of these last two children, I made the mistake of wanting to change jobs. I had become so discouraged and frustrated at not being able to produce the needed water from lack of adequate storage, that I accepted a cousins s offer of a job selling milking machines in an area of northeast Pennsylvania, where he was in the milling and feed business. There, nature supplied the water requirements of a thriving dairy community.

We sold our house in Fallon and I resigned my position with the Bureau of Reclamation and moved back to Pennsylvania. It was soon evident that it was an ill-advised move. The U. S. was still at peace, but the First World War was in full swing in Europe and it was apparent that this country would soon be involved also. The dairying industry was not ready to take on any exploit, such as experimenting with milking machines, and we soon found our finances dwindling to the point of impossibility. My wife was so unhappy at being uprooted from her beloved home in Fallon and removed from the desert surrounding that she eagerly approved my application for reinstatement in the Bureau. This resulted in receiving an offer from Yuma, Arizona, to a position with the Yuma Project. That was the stepping-stone back to the Newlands Project, where we ultimately arrived in the spring of 1918. Then my new duties as hydrographer landed me in the midst of the fight of adjudicating the water rights on Truckee and Carson Rivers by the federal court suit.

I don't know where the idea originated, unless it was with the incoming Bureau personnel who came in ostensibly to see that the operation and maintenance was carried on in accordance with the contract. But that didn't require very many people. The Bureau was in the business of building projects pretty generally in the western seven states. They were all nearing completion, so there wasn't much more to do for the Bureau employees. They soon came up with a proposition of more reclamation on the Carson and Truckee Rivers. They gave their proposal the name of the Washoe Project because a considerable part of the area to be benefited, either by construction or a supplemental water supply, was in Washoe County on the Truckee River.

Anyhow, they talked it up and now we have a Washoe Project in the process of construction. The principal drawback to it, in my estimation, is there is no water for it. The Truckee River Decree, which has been in effect for 25 years or more, contains the provisions for the disposal of all the water that appears to be available, particularly on the Truckee River and Lake Tahoe. Unless that decree is ignored or vacated, there isn't enough water for it, because the government, after the adjudication suit which resulted in this decree, had found that all of the available water was appropriated.

The Washoe Project proposal talks about a surplus water. The farmers on the Truckee River and the Carson River, before the government came in here, had appropriated any surplus water that would be available to increase the area of the irrigated land in this community. California learned, shortly after the decree was entered, that it did not make the provision for any extensive use of the water of the two rivers in California, so there

has been in operation now for more than ten years a movement fostered by the California interests to get some of the Truckee and the Carson River waters.

The story is simple. California didn't hardly know about the upper waters of the Carson River of the Truckee River at the time the suit was being tried to adjudicate these waters. They didn't have any reason to use these waters except for booming logs in the lumber industry, which, directly or indirectly, was responsible for denuding thousands of acres of watershed of the upper Carson and Truckee Rivers. Then, they discovered that there were values in the mountains for residential and, perhaps, other uses. But during that time prior to their change of attitude, the farmers in the lower regions of the rivers had put to work all of the reliable run-off in both rivers. Now California wanted some of it, although thousands of acres in Nevada had been using that water for years and years, and were dependent on it for their operations.

They used the term "excess water"; they wanted a right to the use of some of the "excess water" of these rivers. I maintain there is no such thing as excess water. How could there be when Carson Sink, a vast area of flooded swampland under some circumstances, and Pyramid Lake, which receives all of the run-off of the Truckee River that escapes downstream below Wadsworth, are both drying up and have been ever since these forests in the upper watershed were denuded by fires and drought?

What will result is not known. I don't feel that it is up to me to take any action that I'm not requested to take, because I have no financial interest in preserving these water rights. But having worked on the adjudication of both streams for several years as I did, and made the water studies that I made, I'm sure that I am correctly forecasting disaster for water users on the Truckee River and the Carson River if the quest now is full swing by the California interests is successful.

Social activities in the Project during the early development included one outstanding accomplishment. The farmers had no means of transportation, except horse-drawn vehicles or by horseback. No two or three-car family garages in those days—or one car, either. A farmer who needed supplies of any nature—lumber, seed, machinery, provisions, clothing, or whatever—had to drive to town and haul his purchases home himself. Very frequently, such trips provided the only opportunity for the housewife or mother to find a break in her monotonous grind of homework. But arriving in town and waiting for the husband to complete his business, she was at a loss to spend the time.

In 1909, two inspired Fallon ladies, Mrs. Ed Dunbar and Mrs. Del Williams, organized a group of town housewives who called themselves the Artemesia Club. They first opened their doors to welcome these farmer women and their children to comfortable surroundings to await their menfolks before returning home. In a short time, the club had grown to a degree where they rented and furnished quarters appropriate for their assemblies. The club is still in existence and functioning. Mrs. Marean is a charter member of that club. So the ladies were quite active in promoting some much-needed changes.

Then there were other activities the ladies indulged in. They became interested, through the efforts of a saleslady that came into this area from one of the eastern areas to sell books, sponsored by a group back in the east known as the Draper Self-Culture Club. The books were pretty expensive and the ladies thought they would have to make

what use they could of them. So after getting what culture they could absorb from them, they wanted something else to do in this line.

They wrote to the headquarters, asking them what project they should undertake for the benefit of the population there around Fallon. The reply suggested that they plant trees along Route 50, the Lincoln Highway, which ran through the Project. The authors of that reply were advised that one couldn't plant trees and expect them to grow because there was no way to get water to them, and they would not grow without water. They wouldn't survive the lack of water. The reply came back, suggesting then, that, instead of trees, they should plant sagebrush! Well, sagebrush didn't need to be planted. It was already there. That's the end of that story, as far as I know.

One of the things that this Fallon self-culture club accomplished was really a very progressive and necessary addition to the area. These teams belonging to the farmers that came to town weekly or oftener, sometimes to get mail, sometimes to deliver, or whatever, were not normally unhitched while in town. They would stand in their harness most of the day and not suffer unduly except for water, but there was no place where it was convenient to water these teams.

The ladies made arrangements for the construction of a watering fountain. It was a concrete affair of maybe, six feet square at the base with four basins, or bowls, about the right height for a horse to reach without having to bend down. Well, that became a very popular place and it was nothing unusual to see several teams there waiting in line to get to this fountain to get a drink.

It went further than that, too. One of the ladies was very fond of animals and she sensed that there was no place for dogs to drink, so, lo-and-behold! They added a bowl which dogs could reach. And they did, I assure you. Of course, this could not have been done unless there had been a municipal water supply. This fountain stayed in business for a good many years, but finally gave way to the automobile, which had a different source of water for its radiator.

The local event of each year in Fallon seemed to be the Churchill County fair. That developed and grew to its final proportions during the development, and in parallel with the agricultural progress on the project. One feature of one year's fair,, in 1915, was a large exhibit in the form of the "alfalfa palace," built of hundreds of bales of hay that filled Maine Street in the center of town. This palace housed all the stationary fair exhibits. The Fallon Fair finally advanced to where it was designated the state fair for several years.

Church organizations were also responsible for frequent social gatherings. Card clubs, fraternal organizations, and similar groups were active in providing functions for entertainment. The Fraternal Hall, built many years ago by the lodges in the area, was activated almost constantly, occupied by community activities.

In early days, a pretty general fire destroyed most of a two-block stretch of the west side of Maine Street, eliminating many of their original buildings. This was good riddance in getting rid of old, dilapidated structures with old style elevated boardwalks—sidewalks with roofs attached to the building and supported by posts planted at the gutter line. My wife and I were at the dance when the fire started. This fire cleaned off the west side of Maine street for nearly two blocks and, for the most part, clubs, saloons, and similar structures were destroyed on that side of the street. Maine Street was quite wide, and we were able to prevent the fire from crossing the street to the east. It was a good thing for the town to get rid of those old shacks.

Schools were of a commendably high standard in Fallon from its early days. Several schoolhouses were built as time passed to meet the demands for more space. There were three or four schools in Fallon—grade schools below the high school. One high school was built.

I haven't talked much about the Indians that are native to this area. They were the first domestic servants available to the people who settled here. They lived at their encampments out of towns and came to town to do work. They were quite reliable, very peaceful, and always hungry, so they were usually willing to do something for something to eat. One of their common expressions when they'd come to the door was "heap-hog-a-die, heap-hog-a-die," which meant "Heap hungry, die."

They were particularly valuable for laundry work. The settlers in towns kept a big metal tub or wash boiler that the Indians used to heat the water and boil the clothes, which was a common practice in those days. There were no washing machines. They could also do a good job of ironing when they had been properly trained.

They did not want to stay in town. They got out of town before dark, so they were not a burden in the manner of furnishing housing. However, on the ranches it was not uncommon for the farmers—the old, established white farmers—to furnish a cabin for the Indian family. The man would work as a farm laborer and the woman, as a domestic. The children went to school and some of them have made real marks in the world.

They have recently been awarded damages by the federal government for the lands that they inhabited which were appropriated by the whites.

There is a colony of Paiute Indians at Pyramid Lake at the end of the Truckee River. There is a colony of Indians living in settlement bordering on Reno. Most of the towns in the western part of the state have had their Indian colonies with anywhere from a few to dozens of the natives.

Fort Churchill, on the Carson River, upstream from Lahontan Reservoir, was established soon after the area was settled for its mining interests. There were a few instances in those days that Indians made trouble, but there are very few criminals to be found among them.

With the completion of Lahontan Dam and the provision of ample storage water, the Bureau of Reclamation construction crew of the Newlands Project had but to finish digging the drainage system, comprising many miles of open drains, and turn the project over to the Truckee-Carson Irrigation District, to complete the obligation under the Federal Reclamation Act of 1902. This it did in 1927, when the transition was made on "consent vote" by the farmers of the district. Most of the Project employees were Operation and Maintenance personnel, and were retained by the district to continue their familiar duties.

The Lahontan Power Plant, built as a prerequisite to the construction of Lahontan Dam, was now in full operation and production. With the construction of a transmission line to Fallon, the town took on the developments of a modern city with street lighting, residential service, a domestic water supply, and sewer service generally available.

Rural power distribution lines began extending outward from Fallon, but for the most part, these were financed and operated by local "improvement districts," instead of the government or irrigation districts, and did not come under the jurisdiction of either of these agencies in the operation and maintenance of the irrigation project.

In the meantime, the county suffered a period of depression along with the rest of the

country and the district elected a new board of directors, who ran for office on a platform favoring greater economy in its operation. One of its first moves was a reduction of salaries of its employees, a signal to several of us to find other employment. About that time, the Bureau of Reclamation was organizing a force to undertake beginning the construction of the Rye Patch Dam for a storage reservoir about 25 miles upstream from Lovelock, Nevada, on the Humboldt River, some 100 miles north of the Fallon Project.

As soon as the Rye Patch Dam Project Construction Engineer, Leo J. Foster, learned of the availability of three of us who had resigned from the Newlands Project, we were offered and accepted new employment at Lovelock. I had my old assignment as hydrographer, which job I held throughout the dam's construction. Following disbanding of the work force and the transfer of Engineer Foster to the Truckee River and Boca Dam completion, I was appointed Project superintendent of the Rye Patch Dam Project until the Pershing County Water Conservation District accepted the operation, maintenance, and responsibility for the repayment of the cost of the project.

3

My Reclamation Work Continues

Now, a few words about irrigation development on the Rye Patch Dam, where I was employed throughout its construction and for a period after that. The Rye Patch Dam was an earth fill darn built across the Humboldt River at a railroad point known as Rye Patch on the Southern Pacific, and functioned to impound water of the Humboldt River, the run-off of which occurred in large part before the irrigation season. So ,in order to make use of all the water that was available, a reservoir had to be built. It impounded some 300,000 acre feet.

In connection with that development, the United States Bureau of Reclamation bought up some large holdings along the Humboldt River in the neighborhood of Battle Mountain. These were large cattle ranches, where the channel was too small to carry the water completely within its banks, and where a great deal of water over-flowed and flooded large areas of wild grasslands. A number of cattle ranchers made use of that condition by building levees and small channels to convey the water from the river out onto these grasslands. This produced hay and pasturage for their livestock.

Part of the work in connection with this project involved digging crosscut channels. The Humboldt River was a very crooked stream. Its channel length was over 1,000 miles entirely within the state of Nevada from the neighborhood of Wells, clear down to Lovelock. The distance by road was in the neighborhood of 400 miles. There was plenty of channel looping back and forth snake-wise, so that by constructing these channels across these winding spaces they shortened the river to such an extent that it constituted a very potent reduction in evaporation and diversion losses.

The Project was completed in something like five years and turned over to the farmers who had sponsored the project and obtained the aid of the Bureau of Reclamation for its construction. The construction engineer was Leo J. Foster. He also had charge of construction of the Boca Dam on the Little Truckee at its converse, where it emptied into the Truckee River some 25 miles west of Reno.

It was while this construction work was in progress that the Civilian Conservation Corps was established. These camps were established in the neighborhood of work that was proposed. Half a dozen such camps were established in the western part of the state. There was one at the Rye Patch Dam, where the lads populating the camp did a considerable work, mostly in the way of landscaping. There was another camp at Boca Reservoir, where the men placed much of the rip-rap that faced the Boca Reservoir Dam. There was another camp at Reno, where they built such improvements as the Lake Virginia. That was formed by a dam built by the C.C.C boys who also did some very creditable landscape improvement.

A good many of the boys that were in these camps got to be very enthusiastic about their surroundings here and when the camps were abolished, there were quite a number who returned here from their original location. Some of them lived in towns as far east as Brooklyn, New York, and in Pennsylvania—all through that eastern part of the country.

Another camp of C.C.C.'s that I was identified with was established at Fallon at the heart of the Newlands Project. They were assigned to the irrigation district that was operating the Fallon Project, and aided in maintenance of the irrigation system under the direction of the organization there.

Going back now to Lovelock, the farmers were quick to take advantage of their additional supply of water created by the building of Rye Patch Dan. The town has thrived since the completion of that project, by reason of an ample supply of water. Of course, Lovelock was on one of the main emigrant trails for those heading for California and, like other towns along the way that offered opportunities for newcomers, a number of the emigrants got no further on their travel than to Lovelock, where they found employment and bought lands with water rights.

There was no public land available for homesteading in the Lovelock area, and the operations of the Project, except in its maintenance of the structures—the dams, channels, and levees along the river—did not extend beyond the Rye Patch Dam upriver. It is still a thriving community with ample water. In a number of instances, especially toward the beginning, there were examples of overuse of water, resulting in swamping and waterlogging some areas. That destroyed the value of the land to which it was applied for irrigation.

We lived in five different places in five years. We had to take a motel, although they didn't call it that then—the one this side of Lovelock. We were there three months and then I went down to Fallon about the C.C.C.

Following my assignment at Rye Patch I was transferred to Burley, Idaho, as Project Superintendent of the Minidoka Project on the Snake River, the largest federal reclamation project so far constructed by the Bureau.

My responsibility was for the operation and maintenance of the five reservoirs of the project, extending from Jackson Lake, Grassy Lake, and Island Park Reservoirs in Wyoming at the headwaters of the Snake River system, the American Falls and Minidoka Reservoirs above Burley. This responsibility also included the power plant and pumping systems at and below Minidoka Dam, together with several pumping plants and many miles of main canal extending nearly to Boise.

I was also in charge of three C.C.C. camps and their activities, and the activities of a Jap relocation camp and a prisoner of war camp, located on the project near Burley. There were also 31 irrigation districts and canal companies that had contracts with the U. S.

for storage water impounded and released for their benefit from the reservoirs system. This position I retained for the ten years until my retirement in 1949, after 43 years service with the Bureau of Reclamation. A more satisfying occupation can hardly be experienced than was mine during these assignments and being identified with these developments in the progress of our great western territory.

Burley supported a sugar factory and several potato-processing establishments and is an industrious, thriving community. They have an ample water supply because of the development of the project, an ample power supply and farmer organizations that are alive and industrious.

In our departure from the Minidoka Project in 1949 upon my retirement, we left behind us one of the most pleasant assignments that I had in the Bureau. Certainly, it was a delightful place to live. Our friends were all very industrious people.

I would say that perhaps half of the population of that particular part of the Snake River area belonged to the Mormon faith. They had immigrated from the Salt Lake area, where they had been established for over a half century. They were an industrious and reliable people. We regretted leaving our friends there, but we were also reaching the stage of life where it was considered wise to get back in the area where our family lived, so, for the last seventeen years, we've been here in Reno. We count among our acquaintances some of the best friends that we have made in the west among these people in the neighborhood of Burley, Idaho.

I will tell a little about the relocation and prisoner-of-war camps in the Burley area.

There were several trainloads of these P.O.W.'s brought into Idaho. There were many of them that were established in their homes, and really, it was a pitiful situation that developed. They were so much more fortunate in being sent to America, to the United States, than they would have been held by the Russians. We were getting word all the time of prisoners from other camps being sent back, sensing what would happen to them when they got back to Europe and to the Russian camps. The reports had it that a number of these men jumped overboard when they got out at sea, committing suicide rather than go back to live as they figured they'd have to live under Russian domination.

They were quite happy here and were no trouble at all. They wanted the protection that they got here in the United States, and they knew they would lose that if they were sent home back to Europe. There must have been several thousand. I just don't recall how many there were. Of course, that was all under the military and we had nothing to do with that except provide the space.

From the outside, we saw the camp. There was a high fence surrounding it. That fence was patrolled all the time by military, and it wasn't a fence that could be scaled very easy, either. There were big buildings for their housing. They were taken out into the fields to do manual labor that had to be done on the ditch system and things of that kind on the project there in Idaho. There was several such establishments over on the north side of the Snake River—the east side between my headquarters at Burley, Idaho, and Boise.

There was another large camp for the Japanese Relocation Center halfway between Burley and Boise out on the desert, which was quite similar to the prisoner of war camp. In this case, there were schools to be furnished to these families that had been uprooted.

Some of the Japanese were quite well-to-do. They had been in business, mercantile, or farming and had been brought from distant places, some of them clear from

California. Those Japs were as law-abiding and respectable and reliable as anyone could be. The children were—some of them—quite well educated.

That was another responsibility that the United States assumed, fearing an uprising of the American-born, as well as the immigrant members from Japan that inhabited these camps. A real injustice was certainly treated to these people. There were a splendid group of citizens—a good many of them were.

4

Conclusion

I am now well past the four score years and haven't very much to look forward to except waiting, but I am content. My retirement has been most pleasant, and would be more so if there were only some way that my good wife could retire, too.

I think I owe her this statement—she is the most industrious little 80-year-old person that I know. Her activities have been mostly needlework. She was very apt with her crochet and knitting needles and her sewing. She started making booties when our oldest grandson was born, way back in 1930, and she has made—that we know of, by her records—over 800 pairs of infants' booties. She's displayed them at hobby shows here in Reno and elsewhere. Another activity was making aprons. This was just plain needlework, and she had records of more than a hundred aprons. These are all used as gifts. She doesn't make them for sale. She sometimes receives the yarn for booties or the material for aprons, which she delights in making and which she can do while still watching the T.V.

During the Second World War, she was identified with the Red Cross in Burley, where she worked in the production room, making knitted things for the Red Cross.

She keeps busy with her hands and fingers all the time that she has. She's never learned to twiddle her thumbs, but there is a limit to the amount she can commit to her eyes. She doesn't read very much and I don't read as much as I should to her. If there only was some way to retire a housewife (but I suppose that would mean I would have to do the work myself).

I'm more and more conscious of the change that must be encountered by people at retirement. I have a friend in this immediate neighborhood who will retire this year (1966). I am actually concerned for his welfare. Retirement is a strange experience to most people and I thoroughly believe that a prospective retiree should fully appreciate the change that is about to come to him, and try to be prepared for it. This friend that I just mentioned has no hobby. He's subject to

respiratory infections if he tries to do much work outdoors on his own place.

My retirement was exceedingly easy, relatively, I believe. When I was in school, everywhere I had an opportunity, I took up mechanical activities: the carpenter shop when I was in manual training in the lower grades; in the high school, the machine shops and carpenter shop, making patterns and preparing for mechanical work by making my own mechanical drawings in the drafting department. I've delighted in the use to tools, particularly woodworking tools.

When I landed in Reno, I found myself in a community that had not been able to do all of the house improvements that they wanted. I was happy to be able to help any of my neighbors in any development that they wanted to make. I helped install several sprinkling systems; made a number of improvements consisting of bookcases, jalousies, and cabinets of various kinds f or my neighbors. I was happy to do those things just for the pleasure of having something worthwhile going on. This continued to a greater or lesser degree up to the present time. It's only because I'm not as agile and physically capable as I used to be that I'm not spending more time on it now.

I have said a number of times that I'm going to have to buy a new house—not a new house, an old house. Everything's been done on this house that I could possibly do!

So, that's the way it goes. I keep active as much as I want to, trying to do something useful. I hope this discourse that I have been indulging in will prove to be useful, too.

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